

State Library

BRING YOUR WOOL TO THE Farmers' Store,

And have it shipped to the Gwyn-Harkets, Wolen Mills—"the best mills in the State"—and have your Blankets, Cassimeres, Jeans, Linsays and Knitting Yarns made. Comes first served first.

N. B.—Highest prices paid for wool

GREAT VICTORY OVER HIGH PRICES!

THE FIRST BIG DEAL OF THE

SUMMER SEASON

The undersigned once more comes to the front and avows his determination to lead all competitors in the good work of saving the people money and supplying them with a superior quality of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We are "loaded to the muzzle," and if our stock is not speedily reduced there is danger of an explosion when we fire off our big guns. Everybody must "stand under," for the bottom has dropped out of LOW PRICES, and if anybody gets caught when it falls, somebody is sure to get hurt.

Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes,

Groceries, provisions and other articles of home use. A specialty of flour which cannot be purchased elsewhere of the same grade as cheap as I will sell. Don't sell your country produce before calling on

R. A. BROWN.

P. S. Thanking you for past favors, I hope by fair dealing and reasonable prices to merit a continuance of the same.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.

Millinery Store

Hats and Bonnets

Ribbons, Collars, Corsets, Bustles, Fuching, Veilings, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

FUNITURE

M. E. CASTOR'S

FURNITURE STORE.

Room Suites, Bureaus,

Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

HOMADE COFFINS, ALL KINDS

(A SPECIALTY.)

I do not sell for cost, but for a small profit. Come and examine my line of goods.

Old furniture repaired.

M. E. CASTOR.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of Erwin Allan, deceased, all persons owing said estate are hereby notified that they must make immediate payment or suit will be brought.

All persons having claims against said estate must present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated, on or before the 15th day of June, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

By W. M. SMITH, Atto.

CHAMPION

MOWER: REPAIRS.

I still keep on hand a stock of Champion Mower Repairs. My old customers will find me at the old stand, Allison's corner.

C. B. WHITE,

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE ROUTE

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.

Condensed schedule in effect June 24th, 1887. Trains run by 75° Meridian Time.

Table with columns: SOUTHBOUND, Daily, No. 50, Daily, No. 52. Lists stations from New York to Atlanta with departure and arrival times.

NORTHBOUND. Daily, No. 51, Daily, No. 53.

Table with columns: SOUTHBOUND, Daily, No. 51, Daily, No. 53. Lists stations from Atlanta to New York with departure and arrival times.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment; and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same for payment on or before the 4th day of May, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

MOOSE'S Blood Renovator,

This valuable remedy is adapted to the following diseases arising from an impure blood: Erythema and Cutaneous diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples, Tetter, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial, and all diseases of like character.

It is an Alterative or Restorative of Tone and Strength to the system, it affords prompt protection from attacks that originate in changes of climate and seasons. For sale at Fetzler's Drug Store

ICE FOR SALE

FOR SALE BY Cannons & Fetzler.

M. J. CORL'S

DRUG STORE

I have moved into the stable lately occupied by Brown Bros., near the courthouse. The best accommodations for drovers. Leave your orders at the stable or with J. L. Brown Perrier for omnibus. Horses and mules for sale.

M. J. CORL, Proprietor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment; and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same for payment on or before the 4th day of May, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

By W. G. MEANS, At May 4, 1888.

ICE FOR SALE

FOR SALE BY Cannons & Fetzler.

M. J. CORL'S

DRUG STORE

I have moved into the stable lately occupied by Brown Bros., near the courthouse. The best accommodations for drovers. Leave your orders at the stable or with J. L. Brown Perrier for omnibus. Horses and mules for sale.

M. J. CORL, Proprietor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment; and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same for payment on or before the 4th day of May, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

By W. G. MEANS, At May 4, 1888.

ICE FOR SALE

FOR SALE BY Cannons & Fetzler.

M. J. CORL'S

DRUG STORE

I have moved into the stable lately occupied by Brown Bros., near the courthouse. The best accommodations for drovers. Leave your orders at the stable or with J. L. Brown Perrier for omnibus. Horses and mules for sale.

M. J. CORL, Proprietor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment; and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same for payment on or before the 4th day of May, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

By W. G. MEANS, At May 4, 1888.

ICE FOR SALE

FOR SALE BY Cannons & Fetzler.

M. J. CORL'S

DRUG STORE

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

When but a boy a man I met, Who one good lesson taught me, That has through all succeeding years

Sweet consolation brought me; This was the maxim which he gave: "You'll smile when I declare it: 'The pinching shoe grows easier 'The longer that you wear it.'"

A homely proverb, I confess, Yet priceless truth explaining, And one that gives in trouble's hour

The strength for calm sustaining; For every ill doth lighter seem As more we learn to bear it—"The pinching shoe grows easier 'The longer that you wear it.'"

The care that is at first so great, The one overwhelming sorrow, Will lessen as the days go by

And morrow follows morrow; Though great the force of grief may be, Time will in part impair it—"The pinching shoe grows easier 'The longer that you wear it.'"

Did time not bring this sure decrease To bitterness and anguish, How many, ransy hopeless hearts

In helpless woe would languish; Ah, well it is we find it true, How e'er with us may fare it, "The pinching shoe grows easier 'The longer that you wear it.'"

—Rev. Philip Burroughs Strong, in Youth's Companion.

ABOUT A TIDY.

An Old Lady's Faith and a Rich Woman's "Whim."

Mrs. Van Arsdale had always appeared to be a very frivolous woman. She dressed so expensively, and, so far as I could see, never did any thing useful with her life, not even, as many other rich women do, taking an interest in charities. Indeed, I heard her say once that she was not fitted for such work; that she was not used to business, and that visiting very poor people made her ill. I remember thinking, when I heard this remark, that it was a mere subterfuge for laziness and unwillingness to do good. It is a habit of mine to say nothing about such thoughts to any one. It certainly does no good to speak of them, even if what I think is true, and it may do a great deal of harm. There is another woman who attends our church. She is very old and feeble and poor. Her name is Mrs. Richmond. Until her only son died, about a year ago, she lived very comfortably. He was a clerk in a large store down town, and when he died, that took away all the living this poor woman had. I knew that this was the cause, and, having very little time, and—I am not too proud to admit it—very little money, I spoke to our clergyman about her.

"Mrs. Richmond," said he, "is a very eccentric and peculiar woman. I know, of course, that her son's death had left her entirely destitute, and I went to her with offers of assistance. She is over eighty, and too feeble to do any thing to support herself, but I found that she was persistently upon refusing all help. She said she had never lived on charity yet, and that the Lord would provide for her somehow in her old age. I replied, in substance, that while this was so, and that I was glad to find her faith so strong, she must remember that God used human means to accomplish His purposes, and that He had sent me to relieve her necessities. But she was very obstinate. Her besetting sin appeared to be pride, and she persisted in declaring that she could earn her own living, and that she was determined to be a burden upon nobody. As for going into the Old Ladies' Home, she wouldn't listen to it. She had a room, she said, where she was it was very comfortable, respectable and cheap. She required very little to live upon, and that she proposed to earn. I asked her how, and she told me by knitting and making fancy articles. I asked where her customers were to come from. She is a good woman, but, as I say, her besetting sin is pride, and, perhaps, some temper mingled with it. She answered a little tartly that she proposed to provide the fancy articles, and that the Lord had promised to take care of the customers. I could do nothing further. I left her, commending her faith which did, indeed, seem to be very sincere, but deceiving her pride.

"And since then?" said I.

"Since then," he replied, evidently a trifle chagrined, that his fears had been ill-founded, she has contrived to get on, as she declared she would, without assistance. My wife has been to see her several times. She tells me that Mrs. Richmond is always busy and always happy; but that, while she does certainly manage to support herself, and even to have something over—she pays for a half pew and contributes a small amount regularly—it is a miracle

how she does it, for the fancy articles, my wife tells me, are so poorly made that it was hardly possible they would sell.

Soon after this I made time one afternoon to go and see the widow. It was as the minister had said. "The pinching shoe grows easier. Poor old woman. It made me sad to see her, with her white face and spectacles and shaking hands, hard at work trying to crochet. When I went there she was at work upon a tidy, a sort of thing that was fashionable once, but must be, I thought, quite unsalable nowadays. Besides that, because of her age and her trembling fingers, she had done the work all crooked. I couldn't imagine any one buying such a thing. I asked no questions (another habit I have in never to ask a question that may by any possibility wound, even if it be another's pride or self-love, unless, indeed, I am sure that the wound will be of the friendly, faithful sort), but before I left, Mrs. Richmond told me how she sold her things.

I am getting along so nicely, she said, looking up from her work and the tears starting to her eyes. "The minister didn't think I could get along, she added, proudly, but I have. I have as much as I can do all the time, and sometimes even have orders ahead. All I make I leave at Mr. Pritchard's fancy store, and he sells them for me. I told the minister that the Lord would provide customers, and He has. You see I knew the Lord better than he did.

I went away wondering, for Pritchard's was a very fashionable and exclusive establishment indeed, where nothing, I supposed, was ever sold that was not of the very best. He made a specialty of "high art" needlework and such matters; so I was not a little surprised a few days after—happening that way—to see in his elegant window, among the beautiful plaques and panels and embroidered fabrics, the identical tidy all askew as it was, and labeled with the price.

I hardly know what impelled me, but I had the curiosity to go in. Not being able to afford much in the way of "high art," I seldom purchased any thing of Mr. Pritchard, but I go there very often with friends who do, and Mr. Pritchard is always exceedingly civil.

Oh, that! that tidy in the window do you mean? Then he began to smile. I don't suppose you want to buy it, do you?"

"No."

"I thought not. Very often people inquire about the things in that corner of the window. The fact is his voice fell, there is a story about that tidy and a lot more of similar things. It isn't known, and I shouldn't like it to get out—it might lose my custom you know—but I will tell you in confidence how it happened. "Of course"—Mr. Pritchard's tone was a little contemptuous—"no one in her senses would pay three dollars for a thing like that, unless perhaps—in this case—for a whim. Well, over six months ago an old woman came in here one day with some things to sell. I was waiting upon a lady, one of my best customers, and it annoyed me to be interrupted. The old man stuck and and hung; as they say, wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. After awhile the lady began to take an interest. She looked over what the woman had in her basket—the queerest things you ever saw—and actually insisted upon buying a pin-cushion and a white rabbit made of flannel with bead eyes. She was just out to the old woman they were made what she wanted for her children. Then Mrs. Van Arsdale I started, there?" I didn't mean to tell her name?—please don't mention it, Mrs. Van Arsdale took me aside, and made me promise to take what the woman had, to sell on commission. I told her there would be no market. Oh, yes, said she, there will be a market, for all you can not sell I will take and pay for myself. There never is any accounting for a rich woman's whims, continued Mr. Pritchard, ruefully. Every body wonders why I let my window be cluttered up with such stuff; but the fact is I can not afford to affront Mrs. Van Arsdale. It's amazing how much that old woman contrives to do, and she isn't satisfied either unless she gets a good price. Once I put the price of a toilet set she made, cushions and three little ridiculous mats, at a dollar. She keeps a sharp watch of the window, and next day she came in very indignant at my asking so little. You see I thought it an imposition on Mrs. Van Arsdale. The price for the set, said the old woman, ought not to be a cent less than four dol-

lars. They took me every bit of four days to make. Now you put up the price, said she, independent as you please, or I'll go to some other place! That was cool, wasn't it? I told Mrs. Van Arsdale, but all she had to say was: Let her fix the price to suit herself. I'll make it good. Send the things to my house, but be careful she never knows.

I have thought of this story many times since I heard it, and, perhaps, in its way, it is worthy of being jotted down. I have been careful never to speak of it and the names are of course changed, but the story itself is true.

It does seem, after all, as if Mrs. Richmond was right in the faith she had that, while her own fingers provided the fancy work, the Lord would see about the customers. First and last, by this time Mrs. Van Arsdale must have paid several hundred dollars for what some might consider a foolish whim; but when I hear of her at Newport and Saratoga, and people say she is fond of society and frivolous, I can not help remembering Mrs. Richmond—G. I. Crevus, in Chicago Advocate.

TEXAS PIONEERS

The Fight at Ball's Ranch.

In 1871, there lived near the western boundary of Wise county a ranchman named Ball. His ranch was on the extreme frontier, and was often harassed by roving bands of hostile Indians. He was a kind and hospitable settler, and Baker's weary scouts (the writer being one of the number) often rested and feasted beneath his roof. Fifty-two of us had more than one hundred miles of frontier to protect, and were welcome guests to the these isolated settlers. On one occasion, before the "cous, or Texas Rangers, as we were called, were sent into that country, a raiding band of Comanches carried off on Mr. Ball's sons, a lad about twelve years of age. He was only a short distance from the house when captured, and the father was unable to rescue him. Mr. Ball knew from the wailing red pine in the chief's head-dress that it was "Red Cap," the terror of the Northwest, and after the Indians left, he mounted his horse and gave the alarm. Clark Bailey and Shirra responded to the call, and were soon on the trail of the now retreating Indians, who had just taken a north-west course toward the Wichita Mountains. There were not enough settlers to successfully fight "Red Cap" and his band, and all that they could do was to see if they had left the country, in order to quiet the fears of the people. For twelve long months the parents heard nothing from their captive boy, and had about given him up for lost, when one day he walked into his father's yard. His hair had grown long, and his face was so sunburnt that they hardly knew him. He had a sad experience to relate of hardships which had befallen him while a captive. He said the Indians traveled rapidly at first, expecting pursuit, but after crossing Red River traveled slowly across mountains and beautiful prairies, killing game as they journeyed, until they reached a large Indian village at the head of the Canadian River, where they spent the winter. The chief, "Red Cap," treated him kindly, but the other Indians abused him very much, especially in the absence of the great chief. He seemed restless, and was constantly on the war path, either against the whites or other Indians who were hostile to his tribe. While on one of these raids some white traders entered the Indian camp. They offered to buy the white boy, and the Indians readily consented, exchanging him for such articles as suited their fancy. When the chief returned the traders and the boy were far on their way toward the frontier of Texas. "Red Cap" was furious, and threatened vengeance on those who had sold the boy, and early in the fall set out with a large band to recapture him. About 3 o'clock one evening they arrived at Ball's ranch. So rapid and secret had been their movements after crossing the Texas line that they were not discovered until they arrived at the ranch. Bailey, the son-in-law of Ball, and the boy were in the field east of the house, about three hundred yards distant, pulling corn, when "Red Cap" made his appearance at the head of his blood thirsty band. They came behind some hills south of the house, and were coming into the field before they were discovered by Bailey and the lad. Bailey was a brave man, and took the situation at a glance. He saw that they were nearly cut off from the house, and told the boy to run, and he would fight the Indians. The lad started on a run, and Bailey, drawing his six-shooter, followed firing at the nearest Indians who by this time were close upon him. The Indians returned the fire, yelling furiously. The firing and yelling gave the first intimation the inmates of the house had of what was transpiring in the field.

It happened that two neighbors, Clark and Shirra, were at the house, and when the firing commenced they ran into the yard, and were almost struck dumb to see the field literally swarming with Indians. They saw

Bailey fighting in their midst, and the boy running, pursued by the dreaded chief, "Red Cap." Seizing their rifles, the three men advanced as near as they dared in the face of such a yelling host of demons, and opened fire on them. Bailey, after firing all his shots but one, retreated toward the fence nearest the house, and could have escaped; but seeing "Red Cap" seize his little brother-in-law while attempting to scale the fence, and drag him back, although badly wounded, he determined to rescue him or perish in the attempt. Bailey made a rapid charge, aiming his pistol at "Red Cap's" head as he came up. The chief was compelled to let go the boy, and defend himself against this fearless and dangerous foe. He quickly placed an arrow, and, drawing it to the head, discharged it full in Bailey's breast. At the same instant there was a flash of his pistol, and the chief fell dead in his tracks, shot through the brain. Bailey was determined that this last shot should find a victim, and at the same time rid the country of a terrible scourge. That shot was indeed his last. His empty weapon dropped from his relaxing grasp; he staggered forward a few steps, and fell near the body of the chief. The lad, finding himself again free, bounded off, and succeeded in gaining the spot where his father and neighbors were loading and firing upon the Indians. The savages closed around the body of Bailey, and took off his scalp, and then commenced their retreat carrying off the body of their chief. The wife of Bailey was standing in the yard watching her husband's desperate fight, and when he fell, fainted away, and her life was almost despaired of before she recovered from the terrible shock. "Red Cap" was buried at the head of a ravine about a mile from the house, and his horse killed by the grave. After the Indians left he was taken up by the whites, and his accoutrements divided among them.

While at Ball's ranch the writer saw the blanket and pipe of "Red Cap." His blood was still upon the blanket. The pipe was made of stone and would weigh more than a pound.—A. J. Sewell in Nashville Advocate.

TARIFF REFORM.

The object of a protective tariff is to augment prices of a certain class of goods that the government has undertaken to protect by insuring the maker of such goods a profit on his work. It means this or it means nothing.

If, as some wild advocates of the system assert, such protection cheapens the goods it was meant to protect, the whole project is as insane as any dream of a lunatic.

Of course the interests protected form only part of our great industries. As the system is based on the government to take from one class and give to another, it is impossible to protect all. The benefits apply only to those engaged in producing articles at home that come in competition with like articles abroad. This of course leaves out all agricultural product, for these we export. It omits from its list the labor of nearly all mechanics, for we do not import blacksmith's work nor can we purchase houses. It leaves unprotected the professions, male and female labor, and even the workmen employed by the very interests the government has taken such extraordinary steps to sustain.

On the contrary, the wage workers in mines and manufactories have felt the protective tariff only in their increased cost of living, while their compensation has kept no pace with the increased profit pocketed by capitalists.

To those who have fairly investigated his condition of so-called protection the results have been to the last extent startling. The operatives, men and children, are reduced to an extremity that sickens the heart to know and appreciate.

This is especially the case in our mines.

Homes in tenement that a humane heart would hesitate to give a brute, their clothing is in rags, and their food of a sort to insure disease and shorten life.

There is no exaggeration in this. When necessity drives tender children with their unformed muscles, to hard labor, poverty and privation are not at the door, but upon the hearthstone. When these poor laborers, finding life intolerable from this awful abuse, strike for higher wages, less hours, or better fare, they are driven out like beasts, and a lower grade of labor is brought in from Poland, Hungary or Italy; for it is a strange fact that while this entire system is based on a plea of protection to American labor against the pauper labor of Europe, our ports are left open to the introduction of that same pauper labor to

compete with our home workmen. Capital is forced to appeal to this lower form of labor abroad, for the skilled labor of Europe does not emigrate to this country, for it has a cheaper and better condition than protected labor can give it here.

Thus we have seen in the coal mines of my native State the native American laborer driven out by Irish, English and Welsh men, and these in turn forced from their work by Poles, Italians and negroes.—Hon. Frank H. Hurd in Belford's Magazine.

RADICAL INCONSISTENCY.

I see frequent allusions in the papers to Dockery, the radical candidate for the office of Governor of our State. While he may possess mental ability to make a Governor, he would not make an acceptable one to our people, entertaining the views he does. It is a high office, requiring political honesty as well as capacity. A man that will seek promotion by misleading the people, teaching doctrines subversive of their interests, is not the man to trust. Dockery wants a change in the present system of county government. The ignorant negroes are not permitted to control the funds of the counties. The honest taxpayers' money is properly secured and appropriated. This is one of the imaginary evils he wishes to remove. If he wants to enjoy the blessings of negro supremacy to his heart's content let him have an incompetent, consequential negro appointed guardian to manage his private funds, without security, with vile white men inciting him. But let the county finances of our State be managed by competent officials, applying the funds to the purposes for which the taxes were levied and collected. We don't want judgment obtained in court against defaulting officials and their worthless sureties. We want competent officers with standing enough to give justified bonds and honesty enough to give their sureties no trouble. The poor negro is to be pitied, misled by such men as Dockery and other rulers of the Republican party. If properly instructed he would advance mentally and morally. But with Republican leaders misleading his mind and exciting his prejudices his progress will be much impeded. Such men as Dockery are building for themselves an unenviable reputation. While wiser and better men will be remembered by their grateful countrymen for blessings conferred upon their race, they will be remembered as the would-be subverters of good government. The Republicans of Brower's district are pouring hot shot into him because he manifested a disposition to improve the condition of the country by repealing the odious internal revenue laws. In their estimation he has committed the unpardonable sin, and excluded himself from their forgiveness, though he seek it "with tears." Alas poor Brower! to think for a moment that the radical leaders wanted the internal revenue law repealed. They wanted no such thing. Why did he not follow the example of the illustrious Nichols, whose recorded vote to perpetuate it in all its odious features stamps him as the game chicken of the corrupt party? But to our aspiring Dockery agent, doomed to fold his wings in silence, wailing over his defeat, while the noble Fowle, rising on majestic wings, shall serenely float in the sunlight of heaven above him. While wiser counsels shall prevail, with firmer hands at the helm, guiding the ship of State from off the breakers in her onward and prosperous course, such men as Dockery and his satellites will find their level in retirement, driven thither by an injured people unwilling to trust them. As an old neighbor of mine used to say of certain characters, they can be spared."

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD DO.

A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness; in that direction the secret of her comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by wording upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature; nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men even a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentence must needs follow such an indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too far forbearance in such cases, for whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time to the greatest boon that can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.